



So Much More



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Chapter 1 by silverscreen

I always thought I was normal. Perfectly normal. Everyone treated me like an average kid, especially my mother. I was Liz Roth, I got average grades, looked average with my long wavy brown hair and big brown eyes. I wasn't a prodigy or super popular. I was just Liz. My mother always told me I wasn't special. She wasn't being mean or anything, just speaking the truth. Though sometimes it did lower my self confidence. In truth I felt normal, that is, until my 13th birthday.

And that changed everything.

I was in school half listening to something about algebra, fiddling around with my pencil, eager to get out of school and celebrate my birthday, and then I felt something cold. I looked down at the pencil I had just been twirling around, ice was encasing the pencil spiralling down the tip. I was so startled I dropped the pencil immediately, resulting in a loud crack. I blinked my eyes, the pencil was no longer encased in ice, I must just be imagining things.

The bell rang, signalling the end of our last period. I rushed out of the classroom and headed home.

"Mom?" Where is she?" Usually she greets me. I'm about to just go to my room when I have an idea. I go up to the locked room mom calls her study. I take out one of my barrettes and slide it into the lock. I hear a click and turn the doorknob. It opens. Inside I see booby traps. You're probably wondering why I know what booby traps look like, that's because every summer I'm sent away to camp. But why would mom have booby traps? Then I came across a chart. at the

number 13 there was a caption, Liz's power starts. Then next to it a jar of pills, titled LIZ'S

POISON. It's the vitamins I take.

I gasp.

I know who Liz is.

That's me.

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Mom turns around. She had a needle with red bubbling liquid filled inside, she's injecting herself with it. She hurries over to the jar, and smiles a blinding white smile, her specialty. But I've already read the words.

"Mom whats this, why do you have this... place?"

"Liz darling, you don't understand. Did you know that witches can't have children?"

"But I am your child," I stammered, my eyes wide.

"Let me explain," Mother floated around the room breezily, her smile gone. "I was born to a family of shadows. My family was the most powerful magic family ever. I was the best witch they could ever have. Mummy and Daddy were so proud of me. I was evil. We all were evil. We could do many spells with our wands. We ruled Aslandia. The magic world." Mother smiled smugly.

"That was until your family came. Their power came from within them. It was in their genes. They were good, and took our spot of power. It started a war but in the end our family lost and we died out. Your family rules Islandia now. A few of us survived of course. Me included. But our power was gone. We were banished. Until I found you. Your family has a prophecy that there is a Circle of 15. 15 members of your family, will have a gene of teleportation. The Circle repeats itself until it comes to your generation. The 5th circle. You are the 15th of this circle. The prophecy says that once you become of age, that is 13 and join the Circle. They will achieve greater power. You have the power of ice That is amazing power. Probably one of the most powerful in the universe. You can freeze anything, turn people to ice, bring about everlasting storms. Did I mention you're immortal? And can adapt to any environment? Of course I didn't want that circle to close. I wanted power for myself. So I stole you. I gave you poison, feeding off your power and inserting it into me. I could have your power now. Become equal with you. More powerful than any of your family members. I could rule Aslandia. And no one can defeat me. Except you. But you can't do it can you? You're weak. Unspecial."

I lean against a pure white wall, short of breath. There's no escape. As my breathing gets quicker, more anxious, snow and ice start hurricaning around the room, knocking over jars and charts. I can't see mom, no that witch anymore. With one last glance I run out of the room down the stairs. I shut the heavy door behind me, placing my hands on it, I imagine unmeltable ice freezing the metal in place. I hear a shuddering scream, as she yells, You can run Liz, but you

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"So, you're the one we're supposed to come and find, hmm?"

"What?"

"I said you're the one we're supposed to come and find." He says it slowly like I'm deaf and unable to comprehend what I'm saying. I roll my eyes.

"I'm perfectly capable of understanding what you're saying. In fact maybe you should be the one I should be speaking slowly too since you seem to like going up to random people and saying weird things." I snap. He looks taken aback and then resumes his smirk. Then he grabs my hand, pulls me up and starts dragging me down the road. I try to pull back, but to no avail. Wait this is what my powers supposed to be used for. I imagine him as an ice statue. But I feel like I hit a wall. His hand goes blue for a bit then returns to normal. He looks down in surprise. I breathe heavily. He turns to me to speak

"Felt like you hit a wall didn't it? I must admit, it was a good try though."

"Wha-why didn't you turn to ice?"

"Because you can't curse the other Gifted."

"Gifted?"

"It's like a club."

"So you're forcing me to join this club?"

"No, more like you were already part of it from the beginning, and then all we had to do was find you."

"Listen, this Gifted thing is probably some sort of kids club, so you can leave me out of it."

"If we do, how are you going to hide from you mother?"

I look away biting my lip. Finally I say "H-How do you know about that?"

"To find out you'll have to come with me."

"I don't even know who you are. For all I know you could be some stalker."

"Fine, well to start off, my name is Ron. I know your name is Liz."

"See, creepy stalker who knows my name." By this time we had arrived at a huge glass skyscraper.

"Please tell me this isn't your kids club." Ron just smiles and nods.

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